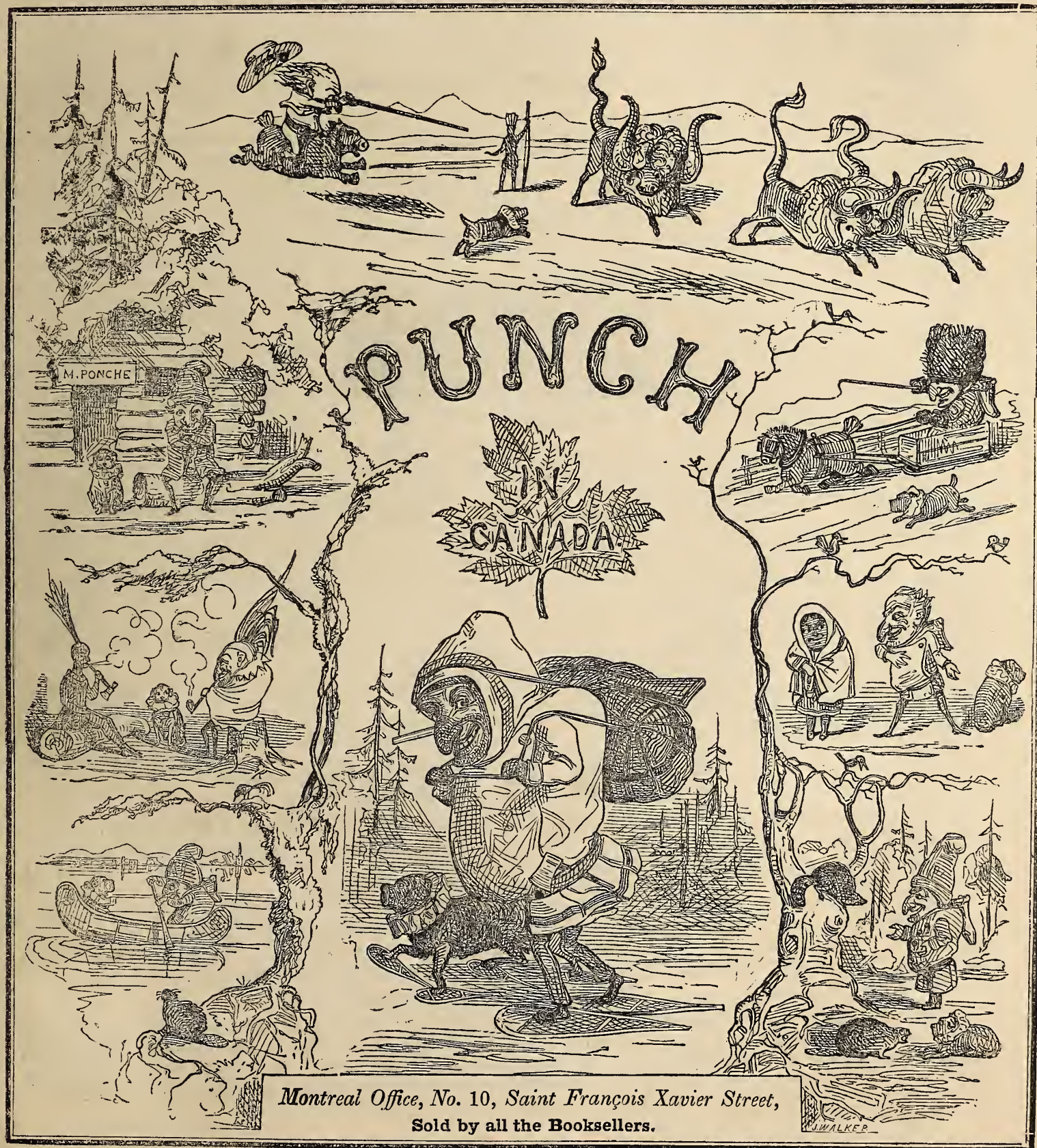


B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Man & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 20.]

October the 20th,

[PRICE, 4d.]



TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper. See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper. Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the **POOR MAN'S FRIEND**, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d. OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. Agents for Canada, Messrs S. J. LYMAN, Chemists, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, **choicest Brands of Segars**, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panettelas, Galanes, Jupiters, La Desceadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but **GENUINE SEGARS**. A lot of very old and choice Principles of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

Compain's Restaurant,
PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travelers that his **GRAND TABLE D'HOTE** is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured. Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "*Maitre de Cuisine*," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST.**J. WELCH, WOOD ENGRAVER,**
From London.

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a morn, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood nnd gaz'd on garments gny,
On coats, and hats, and fine army,
For which he fenc'd he could not pay;

But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz),
A Summer suit.

From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six wns his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, eried the well-clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer

and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.—Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

A regular and constant supply of **NEW PUBLICATIONS**, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.—All the **NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS**, on hand.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of **GUTTA PERCHA COATS** received by the "Great Britin," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Pelts at 25s.
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
Summer Suits, 22s. 6d.

A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

By **GEORGE HALL**, Great Saint James Street, formerly McGill Street. Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, **FREE OF CHARGE**.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes.)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the **ALBION HOTEL**, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSELL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Lensed, for a term of years, the **ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL**, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new **FURNITURE**, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.
St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the **Table d'Hote**, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Bonts. N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

PUNCH IN CANADA,

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a **WEEKLY Publication**.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the subscriber to the back numbers, - - - - - 7s. 6d.
Subscription for one year from date of payment, - - - - - 15s.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers away from the Metropolis, will be increased one halfpenny to pay for the postage.—**BOOKSELLERS** "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work, preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and historical publication, on honor to the province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Montreal, October 20, 1849.

PUNCH'S LETTERS !—No. 2.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ELGIN, supposed to be Governor General, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

In the very bitterness of sorrow I have reproached you for your persevering folly. I have used harsh language, because there is little difference between wicked and incapable rulers as to the injuries they inflict on the countries they govern. The intention is different, the result is the same. The pig who recklessly swimming (against the stream, an operation for which he is unfitted by nature,) cuts his throat, and deprives the human race of chine and chitlings, is not necessarily wicked, but he is obstinate. You, my Lord, are pig-headed, and I throw myself at the pettitoes of your porcine profundity, and implore you, as you value the happiness of the millions confided to the care of the British Crown, to go HOME, and not by your stay assist in the dismemberment of an empire, whose influence statesmen and philosophers have regarded as essential to the diffusion of Christianity and civilization.

If Great Britain lose the Canadas her empire is broken up, and this, as I believe, compromises the prosperity and happiness, not of Canada alone, not alone that of the British Empire, but of the world. You will ask me how your presence here contributes to this catastrophe. I will tell you. For years, the infective odour of two rotten political parties has spread a pestilence, a moral cholera, over this otherwise favored land. To the deluded but honest followers of one of these parties, your assent to the Rebellion Bill, without affording the country an opportunity to pronounce upon its accursed principle, is an outrage not to be forgiven. My Lord, it was a most immoral act; but the word which you and I reverence informeth us that "out of evil cometh good." The artfully forged chains of mercenary political impostors are broken. I remember the plot of a novel, my Lord, somewhat in point; will you excuse my relating it. Hundreds of emigrants are in a crazy vessel with a drunken captain. The anchor has parted. They are at sea, without rudder or compass. Passengers and crew are at loggerheads, some blaming the captain, others defending him. Pirates are in sight, nay, within hail. The crew are divided. Some are for plundering the ship and dividing the cargo, others, desirous of fighting to preserve her for the owners. The passengers take either side. They no longer quarrel about the drunken captain, the question is, shall they give up the ship? But the captain is part owner, he has insulted many of the passengers, who will not assist in preserving his property, although ready and willing to join those amongst their former enemies who will fight for that of the other owners. The drunken captain having been locked up, becomes sober, gives up his share, the insulted passengers join the defenders of the ship, the pirates are thrashed, and the crazy vessel is carried safely into port for necessary repairs, with all her colours flying; and the traitors who would have surrendered her, are delivered up to well-merited punishment.

A lesson might be learned, my Lord, even from the plot of a novel.

Hoping you will increase in wisdom as you increase in days, and the fewer days you take for that desirable object the better I shall be pleased.

I cannot sign myself

Your obedient Servant,
PUNCH IN CANADA.

THE PARTING.

Loyalty and second's flour
Met in a most evil hour,
For flour had learnt that he could bring
Sixpence more by rebelling;
And so he left with Pork his brother—
Just made the two for one another!

PUNCH AND THE BRITISH LION.

In consequence of late extraordinary events, *Punch* considered it to be his duty to open a direct communication with the British Lion, which has led to the following correspondence:—

PUNCH TO THE LION.

PUNCH OFFICE, Oct. 13, 1849.
DEAR LION,—Ware hawk—mind your eye.

PUNCH.

LION'S REPLY.

All right, old brick—wide awake.

Your's,

THE LION.

Soon after the above, *Punch* was honoured by an interview with the noble animal, who he is happy to announce, was looking remarkably well. The following conversation ensued:—

Lion.—Well *Punch*—what's the matter?

Punch.—Not much, only some of your old friends seem a little out of sorts

Lion.—What have they got—the gripes?

Punch.—Rather an affection of the heart I think.

Lion, (wagging his tail,)—Pshaw! tell 'em to eat beef steaks and read *Punch*, and it'll soon pass away.

[*Punch* bows respectfully and retires.]

A LAMENTATION.

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF A LATE DEFECTION.

There was a Rose—a blushing Rose
Upon a Scottish stem,
And all the women courted it
And so did all the men;
The legal bees came there to sip,
And dropped their honey too;
Alas that such a Rose should turn
To Yankey doo-dle-do!

I've seen the winter's wind cut off
Full many a tree and flower;
I've tasted grapes I thought were sweet
And found them precious sour;
I've seen the tender glass-blade bend
Beneath its weight of dew,
But never thought my Rose would turn
To Yankey doo-dle-do!

Will once again my Rose return
Unto its Scottish stem,
The pet of all the female tribe
And courted by the men?
I do not know; but this I know
My Rose has proved untrue,
And all its perfumed vows are turned
To Yankey doodle do!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Punch presents his compliments to the Clerk of the Weather, and begs to be informed whether the blast which recently occurred in the office of the Montreal *Herald*, distributing the type of a certain Annexation document set up therein, may be attributed to a current of the same wind which blew down the liberty poles at New York, on the night of the 6th instant.

Weather Office, Oct. 12, 1849.

The Clerk of the Weather presents his compliments to *Punch*, and takes the liberty of stating, that such has been the mutability of the many winds and side winds recently rushing about in the various offices of the Canadian Press, he is quite unable to furnish the desired information upon a very interesting subject.

Weather Office, Oct. 12, 1849.

TWO YEARS AFTER ANNEXATION.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

SCENE—An Auction Mart. *The American Flag hangs over the door; and the door-posts on either side set forth the style and title of F. JOHNSON, BROKER and MUSICAL AUCTIONEER. Old, moth-eaten articles of furniture, musical instruments, &c. are scattered around in picturesque confusion; and on a dais at the further end of the room stands a ricketty piano, surrounded by reams of music, arranged in lots. Some speculators, who have lounged in, begin to grow noisy, and a loud stamping of feet indicates their impatience at the delay of the entertainment.*

Enter FRANK JOHNSON.

Now then, Citizens, to business,—time is dollars, and dollars is—ooral, looral, loo, (*sings himself at the piano, and sings to a well-known old melody.*)

Songs, neighbours, songs, old songs I have to sell,
A wagon-load of loyalty, for less than I can tell.
And the ballads of Old England go, well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

Here's a rare old anthem, called "God save the Queen,"
Sung once by Britishers,—I guess *we* aint so green!
Bid for a ballad, boys, going out of print,—
A bushel for the smallest coin that tumbles from the mint!

Going, gentlemen, going!—for two cents, two tarnal red cents, this beautiful edition of a rare and curious old chant. Will nobody go an increase for "God save the Queen?" Say another cent, Citizen Holmes, and the whole lot is yours. No?—well, well, catch a weasel asleep;—*you're* wide awake, I calculate, and never hard up for a *Knapp*, any how you can fix it. Two everlasting red cents for a ream of "God Save the Queen!"—Three cents?—thank you sir,—Mr. Punch, I believe, sir?—gone sir, to you sir, for three red cents?—

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

The next is "Rule Britannia,"—a critter in a gown,
Ruling of the waves, boys, with sceptre and with crown!
Abolition advocates, round about me throng,
"Britons never will be slaves"—going for a song!

Britons never will be slaves?—eh yah! this child knows better. What did Tom Anderson do when he came to destitution through misplaced confidence and sour flour?—why he corked his face, I guess, and sold himself at a great sacrifice for a he nigger help to Silas P. Vanturk. And he called himself a Briton once, but that's an old story now. "Rule Britannia" here!—who bids for this omnipotent old ragged end of a reminiscence of the dark ages?—Half a share in two live niggers, and six month's credit for the whole lot?—is that what the gentleman from the south there, with his heels on the table, bids?—no sirree!—this hoss aint a California cat-fish with scales over his eyes, *he* aint. One immortal picayune for a bushel of "Rule Britannia!" Going, gentlemen, going for one picayune. What does the stout gentleman there with the black satin waistcoat and his foot in a sling say?—half a continental dime for the whole lot?—gone sir, to you sir. "Rule Britannia" there, knocked down to Citizen Dolly for half a righteous Co-lumbian dime; (*gruff voice from the crowd, "citizen be d—d!"*) Excuse my pausing a moment, gentlemen, till I shift my quid.

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

Who wants a bundle of the "Brave Old Oak?"
'Twill do to light your Cuba when you come to use your smoke.
There's music in the Oak too,—the Oak tree old and brave,
For he's the boy, I calculate, can treat you to a slave.

Here I am, a going to trade away the "Brave Old Oak" for a

quarter dollar less than the half of nothing, whittled down to a point. Who bids a good round sum in real money for the whole pile? One cent for a cord of it, did you say sir? Pontius Jefferson Pilate! a cord of the "Brave Old Oak" going for one cent!—going to Mr. Young for one small mean cent. Gentlemen, I must say this is the meanest bid yet. Come, Mr. Montgomerie, go a small advance upon this here heap of dry old stuff, warranted good for lighting and calculated to kindle an almighty great blaze,—kept the whole world in hot water betimes, *it* did. There, now, Mr. Punch, I see your eye twinkling for a good strong bid;—what was that sir?—dont mean to make an exaggerated Mexican donkey of yourself by bidding against your friends?—Very good sir, you're some pumpkins here yet, I reckon, and ain't a going to bark up the wrong tree. Going, then, going, the "Brave Old Oak" for two cents a cord, to Mr. Hugh Montgomerie! Will nobody else go the ticket in this here great lumber speculation? For two cents a cord, then, to Mr. Montgomerie, of the great house of Edmonstone, Allan and Co., down goes the "Brave Old Oak,"—gone sir, to you sir, for two cents a cord.

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

"Ye Mariners of England!"—a song of British tars
Who swaggered on the ocean wave, before the stripes and stars
Had risen o'er their "meteor flag"—an ancient ragged wreck,
The same that I remember on the towers of Quebec!

"Mariners of England" ahoy!—stand round here, citizens, and buy this traditionary old madrigal, which possesses the all-fired privilege of going smooth slick along to the immortal strains of Yankee Doodle; and, with a slight alteration, can be made to fit the feeling of our great nation to a button. Listen here, now.—

Ye sailors of Columbia
As guards our native seas, sir,
No Britisher, I'm safe to say,
At you would dare to sneeze, sir!

That's the sort of ballad poetry as kindles up the stove of patriotism in the inwards of every true republican. Buy this ballad, Citizens, to train up your small children in the ways of liberty.—What shall I set it up for?—a button, sir?—One button bid here for a whole cargo of the "Mariners of England!" Ah, there's Mr. Baldwin looking as independent as a hog on the ice,—he'll not let the "meteor flag of England" be knocked down for one button. What shall I say for you, sir!—one cent for the lot?—thank you, sir. "The Mariners of England" going to Mr. Baldwin for one cent!—Going, gentlemen, going,—gone!—Gone sir, to you sir, for one red cent,—

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

The last on my list, boys—buy it who can;
Is the bragging old stave, "I'm an Englishman!"
A spinning of a yarn of glory and fame
Round the charter that breathes in a Britisher's name.

"I'm an Englishman" for sale here!—well, I guess there's more truth than poetry in that;—that came in wrong end foremost, like Zebedee Horner's pet hog. "I'm an Englishman" going here at a distressing sacrifice, no discount allowed for taking a quantity. Is there no free and enlightened grocer in all this crowd will speculate in this here paper to wrap up his raisins in? A fig for the whole lot, did you say sir?—no sirree!—there are associations, gentlemen, connected with this song—that makes me feel bad now I tell you. Well, never mind; "I'm an Englishman" going, gentlemen,—*"I'm an Englishman"* gone,—I'm a gone Englishman—Well, no! darn my grandmother's aunt's cat's whiskers if I can stand this any longer!—(*"boo-hoos right out," and rushes off.*)

TO BE SOLD CHEAP!

The old British principles of the *Montreal Herald*, the present proprietors having no further use for them. For terms, apply at the office.



LITTLE BEN HOLMES AND SOME NAUGHTY CHILDREN ATTEMPT TO PAWN THEIR MOTHER'S POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, BUT ARE ARRESTED BY POLICEMAN PUNCH, WHO WAS STATIONED "ROUND THE CORNER."



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<https://archive.org/details/punchincanada120unse>

PUNCH'S PATRIOTIC SONGS.

The old flag, the old flag,
There's nothing like the old flag;
Let scheming Yankeys boast and brag,
We'll die to keep the old flag.

The old flag, the old flag,
We'll ne'er desert the old flag,
O'er mountain steep, and jutting crag,
We'll march to aid the old flag!

The old flag, the old flag,
Our hearts are in the old flag,—
No Yankey stripes or foreign rag
Shall e'er displace the old flag!

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

July 10, 1867.

Did goe with my wife to-day to call on Squire Moffatt, a nice man though old, who hath been much opposed to ye revolution. He did speak much of ye new republic and ye changes it hath made. Himself hath grown poor, as he doth say, since then, but still hale and stout, with a good leg, as my wife did notice. He hath lately heard of ye death of ye Chief Justice (Stuart) who hath been linched for ye cause (as is said) that he did reprove a citizen that called him "Jim." He doth say that he is ye third judge that has been treated thus, which my wife does think is hard. Also did meet there James Smith, once judge, but now ye crier of ye court—a merrie man, but somewhat light, as I did think. He did ask my wife if she had bought her winter wood, which he did ask to chop and split. At home to dine at four, where found ye groom, John Rose, (who was ye man of law) had quarrelled with ye cook. Did make ye note to send John off, which hath not pleased me much of late; but did after change my mind, so gave him ten cents, which pleased ye poor soul much. At night to see ye new play called "Ye Briton in ye dust." Much company whom my wife did know. Did note that ye old subjects (Frenchmen I do mean) were in ye tier above, most near ye colored folk. John Dougall in ye boxes, drinking cock-tails with ye female slave whom I did see him buy. At home at ten quite sick, and did nearly quarrel with my wife, who is in ye dumps because ye citizens did spit upon her dress.

DIGNIFIED NEUTRALITY.

Punch learns that there is a class of men who are "neutrals" in the grand question between the Lion and the Eagle. *Punch* will be death upon those men. He who hesitates upon the point of allegiance is unworthy of any flag. *Punch* despises such men, and shakes his indignant fist at them.

PUNCH'S FLOUROMETER.

A friend of *Punch's* has just invented a new instrument for measuring the changes in the political atmosphere, the main feature of which is that *flour* is used in the place of *mercury*, to show the variations. The scale is somewhat singular, and runs thus:—

Flour at 33s. a barrel Loyalty up.
Do. 26s. do. Cloudy, looks queer.
Do. 22s. do. Annexation point.

The same gentleman has made a second instrument, which he calls a "pork-ometer," but it is not found to answer quite so well.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If the gentlemen who lately left their mother's house, and were last seen in very suspicious company, will return, they will be fondly received, and all past errors forgotten.

PUNCH'S INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTREAL, October 16, 1849.

DEAR JANE,—I rites to inform you as there is a new convulshun bust forth. Sum says it is rebellun, sum say not. Measter says it is all the fault of the Bill, but whether it is Bill the coachman or sum other Bill, I can't say. Our baker is up in arms—getting more crusty every day. He says that all the retailers is against the Queen, which, if true, must occasion a panic at Windsor. My opinion is that they had better fortify the Parliament House, and get the Chelsea pensioners to march down to the mint, as it is rumored that Mr. Mackenzie and some of the other rebels will be over by the next mail to seize the metropolis. If they do, heaven pre-eerve all you poor women, says I. I hear as General Thomas B. Anderson will command the heavy horse, and Mr. Glass take the wictualling department, which being formerly in the groceries, of course he knows all about. I was told yesterday that Mr. Torrence is to lead on the armed barges, and Mr. Molson to keep up the spirits of the troops, vich I have no doubt he can do. Everything looks hostile, and the enthusiasm is a growing. Our young gents has all got handkerchers with stars and stripes on em (what they says is the American colours,) and Missus had a under-petticoat made of the same stuff, but was forced to leave it off on account of its leaving marks upon the back. Even our washerwoman dont know where it will end, but thinks that if it goes on much longer it is all over with the National Debt of England.

Your affectionate

MARY JONES.

P.S.—The last rumer is as *Punch* is gone over to the rebels. If so, hall is lost.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO JACOB DEWITT, ESQ., M.P.P.

You aint got us yet,
Jacob DeWitt,
The devil a bit,—the devil a bit!

Though the Yankey flag fit
You,—Mr. DeWitt,
We won't stomach it,
No, the devil a bit!

We know what you mean,
Sly Jacob DeWitt,
But we're true to the Queen,
And hate all your kit.

If you want to break us,
Now Mr. DeWitt,
Just try to take us,
And—see what you'll git!

We've been loyal and true;
Yes, Jacob DeWitt,
And, in spite of your crew,
We'll die loyal yit!

FLOWERS OF RHETORIC.

With respect to the lengthy Annexation document published in the columns of the *Courier*, *Punch* thinks that although said Manifest is manifestly a Rose, yet it can hardly be imposed upon the public as a posy of remarkably prepossessing odour. In this instance, indeed, it may emphatically be said, that "a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" and as *Punch* views the falling leaves of autumn carpeting his path with dreary yellow, dreams of the dark days of a fast-approaching winter flit around him; while he only ventures to indulge in a modest hope, that this "Wreath of Roses" may not eventually turn out a Crown of Thorns.

Why is Canadian loyalty like a heavy shower of rain? D'ye give it up?—Because its lately come down in Torrance, (*Torrents*!)

PUNCH'S PRIMER.

LESSONS FOR SMALL BOYS WHO CAN ONLY READ WORDS
OF ONE SYLLABLE.

I. JOHN BULL AND HIS SONS.

John Bull was a fine stout old man. He put two of his Sons, whose names were John and Frank, to live on one of his farms, a good way off from the farm where he lived. And as long as they were lads he used to tell them what they were to do on this farm; and he bade them sell most of the things to him, and buy most of the things they might want to buy, from him; and when they fell out, as they would do, (for they were not such good lads as they should have been,) he used to tell them which was wrong; and once, when Frank and young John would fight, he had to go and whip Frank to make him mind what he was bid.

But when Frank and young John were grown up to be young men, they did not like to have old John tell them all they were to do, and whip them if they did not mind what he said, and so they both told the old man, and the old man said, "Well, my sons, to be sure, you are now young men; and I dare say you would like to have more of your own way. The farm you live on, you know, is my farm, and a right good one it is, and I am sure you will be glad to keep it for me, and will be good sons to me while you and I live. So you may do just as you like on it, and may have all you can raise on it; and you may buy and sell, too, where you like, for that will be best for both you and me." And young John and Frank were both of them quite glad to hear the old man say so.

But they soon fell out once more; for young John thought Frank got too much of his own way on the farm, so he asked old John not to let Frank do some things he wished to do. But old John said, "no, my son, now that you and Frank are young men I do not like to treat you as if you were small boys. You are both of you too old for me to like to whip you, and you should be too wise to fall out in this way. I hope you will make friends as soon as you can."

Then young John was so mad that he said he had a great mind to ask Frank to join him to give up the farm to one Sam who lived near, that Sam might make them both do as he liked on it. But Frank laughed at him, and said, "no John, I thank you, I do not want to be used like a small boy, nor yet will you, I am sure when you come to think." And old John laughed too, and said he was sure his two sons would soon make friends, and would live on the farm like fine young men, and grow rich there, and not let Sam take it for his own, and treat them like small boys who were not fit to have it.

And he thought right, for so they did. And as for Sam, though he had a great wish to get the farm, he found he had got to let the old man and his sons keep it for their own.

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!!

Punch paid a visit on Thursday to the Californian gold vessel, which he found a little out at elbows, or rather sides, arising from the extreme pressure of the times and canals. The captain described the complaint as very similar to lock-jaw, and rather too much in the way of a Yankey shave to be pleasant. He handed Punch a list of her cargo, which we publish for the benefit of other adventurers:—

- 27 barrels of bowie knives,
- 125 cases of revolvers,
- 16 grid-irons, and a copy of the American Constitution,
- 16 boxes of manufactured nutmegs,
- 20 bushels of brass filings,
- 200 rocking chairs, and 1 dozen of spades,
- A portable pulpit and two billiard tables,
- 18 gross of packs of cards,
- 1 religion tract,
- 2 chest patent pills,
- 1 mangle, a grind-stone, 16 sets of nine pins, and a piano.

CHOICE FLOWERS.

Mr. John Leeming has advertised a sale of "Choice Flowers," on Tuesday next; we understand the celebrated annexation Rose was to be offered for public competition, but has been withdrawn, having sold himself by private contract.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The interesting family alluded to in the columns of the *Courier*, as having on hand a boundless supply of "a certain article of Canadian manufacture," are implored to communicate with Punch, whose intellects are suffering much from the weight of the mystery thus recklessly thrust upon them, and which the Editor of the *Courier* has unkindly declined revealing. The strictest secrecy may be relied on, and samples of the "article," if sent, will be carefully wrapped in silver paper, and deposited in Punch's hat-box.

SOMETHING USEFUL.

The rats of annexation deserve well of the country. Punch would therefore advise their friends that some useful article should be presented to each of them. Punch recommends that the article should be "Smith's exterminator of vermin."

VERY BAD.

What reptile does a furrier most resemble?

A boa constructor.

The contributor who sent this dreadful abortion of a joke has since been consigned to the custody of the police.

LORD ELGIN'S MOVEMENTS.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.—We are glad to learn that one of the first acts of the Governor General in Toronto, after replying to addresses, was to visit the Provincial Lunatic Asylum.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

A SIMPLE EXAMPLE OF ANNEXATION.

The members of the French Provisional Government chose Albert as Secretary to the Committee of Public Labour, because he "was a simple Workman." Punch supposes that it is in imitation of that policy that the Annexionists have selected a "simple Workman" as their leader!

ADVICE GRATIS.

It being, under the present system, more difficult to be admitted to the Bar than it used to be, Punch recommends such Law Students, as do not wish to be drawn over the Coals at their examination, to stick to Coke.

NOT AT ALL FUNNY.

The Russians are astonished that the Hung(a)ry refugees should have gone east for refuge. Punch thinks it natural that hungry men should "pitch in" to Turkey.

DECIDEDLY BAD.

Why is the circular to the people of Canada like the Hudson river?—Do ye give it up?

Because there is a great deal of Yankey craft in it.